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CAPITAL, \$100,000.

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The Quaker Mills! Will continue to pay the highest market price sale a full line of Mill Feed. Also, Baled Hay and Straw, Goods delivered free of charge in Corporation. Telephone, No. 3, THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

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James Shepherd, Have opened a shop in the rear of the Poe Block RAVENNA, OHIO, and are prepared to do all work in the line of

TINWARE, ROOFING AND SPOUTING a Specialty. Also, all kinds of galvanized Iron work, and Stove and Furnace repairing.
All work guaranteed. Prices satisfacto y

Teachers' Examinations. Examinations will be held, commencing at 9 o'clock, a. m., and closing at 4 p. m., on the first Saturday of each month, at Bavenna; also the third Saturday in October and April in Kent, and the third Saturday in November and March in Garrettsville No certificate will be ante-dated. By order of the Board.

F. A. MERRILL, Jierk.

A LARGE STOCK OF

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How to make your Dollars go the farthest. Our main object is to unload. If a reduced price will sticulate trade these two hot months, our prices will do it. When we say we will make GREAT REDUCTIONS, you can depend on it. WE'VE SAID SO, and we mean it, and it's going to be done, no difference how hot it is; and the hotter it gets, the greater reduction it will be necessary to make to do it, that is,

To make room for Fall Goods. It's good Goods, and desirable ones, worth coming after, we're calling your attention to.

# 25 Per Cent. Reduction On All Summer Apparel

Includes everything in the way of Summer Goods.

# U. S. COUPON FOUR PER CENT Men'S Hot Weather D

We have placed on sale in our Shirt Department 47 dozen 736. Men's best patterns Madras and Cheviot Cloth Negligee 736. Shirts at .....

Worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25 each.

#### A GRAND SUCCESS!

Our last week's sale to be continued for the benefit of the public. Worth \$10.00 and \$12.00, now \$8.00; " 7.50 " 9.00, " 6.50; " 6.00 " 7.00, " 5.00.

In looking over the papers, you come upon the preceding announcements. The dealers who make such offers (?) seek to convey the impression that they are giving something away. They are not, because the Suits thus offered you wouldn't care to wear. HOW DIFFERENT, though, are those bought of the

A TTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTABY They are Elegant, Stylish, Neat, Substantial, and of mo

#### TOO MANY PANTS

Cassimere Pants, worth \$3.00 and \$3.50, now......\$2.25 

## Summer Hats



Reduced to 1-2 Former Prices We will not say any more; but if you doubt our word, come



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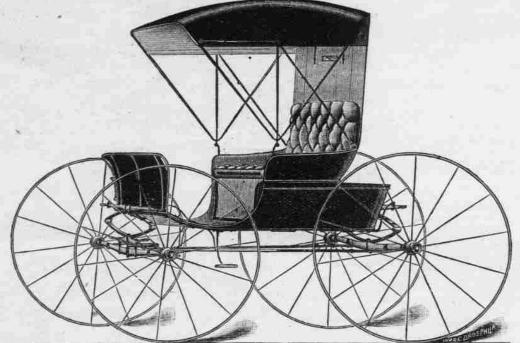
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Tom and the Wishing Cap.

Or shall I be a great big monstrous whale,
The monarch of the ocean deep? Or, stay!
Would I not like to have a great long tall?
And as a monkey romp the livelong day?

Or shall I be a winged thing? A bird, It seems to me, has just no end of fun, That is, he does till in the forest's heard The coming of the sportsman with his gun. How all will miss me when I've changed about! How through the streets my father dear will roam

In search of me; and how the boys will shout,
"Hi! have you heard how Tommy's gone
from home?" Dear me! I never thought! How I'll miss them!
Why, that's about as fearful as can be!
Dear Wishing Cap,if you don't mind—ahem!—
I think, upon the whole, I'll stay plain me.
—New Orleans Picayuns.

#### THE BACHELOR'S PROPOSAL

Arthur Lyle was a confirmed bacheor. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with blue eyes and dark hair.

Wayne entered the room. "Well, Arthur, how are you to-day?"

"Softly, softly, my dear sir," inter-

"And never will," interrupted Arthur. "But enough of this nonsense. beautiful I—I think I—would—would I heard to-day that your sister Clara was about to give a grand ball. Is that

"There you go again, Clifton. You know I am a confirmed bachelor. Any as for Miss Nellie—what did you sau

Here comes you proceed, the path at break-neck speed.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the poor artist

good-day! I have an appointment down-town," and he hurried away. Now Arthur Lyle had been in love, and what he believed to be pure gold ne found to be iron pyrites only, nothing more. And when he found that out it didn't take long for his heart to heal.

"I hope not," answered the astonished man. "What makes you ask such a question?"

voung lawver.

surprised looks, answered his indignant summer. The sight gave him cour- ant. This surprised us, for the early sonal cleanliness and health: words by saying "that he had never age.

asked her to marry him."

age.

"Miss Forsythe," he began, and then

Clifton at his beautiful villa in the courage, for he kissed her again. grounds of a neighboring house with a half-grown child—a little girl—who in Miss Flora stood and watched matmany ways resembled her mother.

Lyle gazed around at the smooth taking rapid and accurate observations to myself; 'the fish are crazy, and I emerald lawn, the budding flowers, the of what was transpiring. green, waving woods, the broad meadows and purple hills, realizing as never before their sweet, serene loveli-

of his lost love and the fate that had separated them were struggling to- than ever. gether tumultuously in his brain. The sound of a horse rushing madly into which he had fallen. He looked

horse by the bit, stopped him. He smiled proudly down in the when there wasn't a thing to see; an' anxious, uplifted face.

"Where do you wish to go?" he insweet voice that thrilled his heart.

right and I was thrown off, as you see, but if you will assist me to remount I think I can reach the villa safely."

"Say, let's play it; you be Miss Forsythe an' I'll be the artist, an' we'll have lots of fun."

gardens at I'hliadelphia about ten years ago, and among the animals was one of the largest tigers in captivity. It was a warm day, and he was sound would ride over, but my horse took 'fraid of women."

sort of look on his face as the horse continued up the road.

shone beautifully, the air was soft and balmy. Wayne villa was brilliantly illuminated; Chinese lanterns shone here and there among the trees-in fact, it looked like a fairy paradise; carriages drove up and deposited ladies and gentlemen and the sound of music was heard from the parlors. Miss Clara Wavne was giving a ball. When Arthur Lyle was announced

there was a buzz through the room, as he was a general favorite and maneuvering mammas did not quite despair of catching him. "Ah! Arthur, how glad I am to see

thur (his thoughts were all centered on the fair girl he had rescued on the road to him was talking with a party of

"Miss Forsythe, Mr. Lyle," said Clara, presenting him. "Why, what's pectedly in the morning. However, he recovered himself sufficiently to converse as if nothing had happened. From that time he found that he loved her. She was a woman after his own her so if he made up his mind that he

And he wanted to be quite sure, he told himself, as an excuse for waiting, though he knew all the while that he was sure, that she was worthy of his

love and trust. So he waited. Then he thought some one might come along if he dallied, and, discovering what a wonderful woman she was, win the prize he coveted away from him. He felt as if there was possible danger in delay. But how to say what he wanted to-that was what troubled

Little cold shivers went over him and his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth. He felt sure that if he began to propose, words would forsake him and there he would stand, gasping and opening his mouth like a dying fish.

Wayne villa for several months and he was thinking this morning, as he walked leisurely up the path, that if he could but meet Miss Forsythe he would

The other day she had talked so in-telligently and looked so sweet and shy and he had had such a beautiful oppor-He was an artist by profession. He had but few patrons, but that fact did not trouble him much, as he was very wasn't any need of saying anything no suspicion of what I was bringing in my arms. When the yellow skull of their ancient ancestor appeared hat of a tall and athletic hot-blooded He was idly toying with his watch-chain and watching the smoke of his cigar as it curled upward in the air, As he turned a bend in the path he when the door opened and Mr. Clifton saw seated on a rock under a shady saw seated on a rock under a shady

tree the object of his thoughts. She smiled when she saw who it was were his first words. "Thinking of that had intruded upon her peaceful privacy; and the poor lovesick artist "Don't be a fool, Clifton!" was his clitter reply. "You know I hate girls had ever seen. She made room for him and he sat down beside her.

"This is a lovely morning for sketchrupted Clifton, laughingly, "the trouble | ing and I thought I would sketch some s you haven't come across the right of this beautiful scenery, but now that I have found something so much more interesting to me and so much more would-"Rather talk," interrupted Miss For-

"Of course it is and you're to be invited. And, say, Arthur, Cousin Nellie from New Orleans is coming, too. She will be a splendid catch for you."

"There you go again, Clifton, You with a quizzical smile. And the artist blushed like any rose at his foolish speech.

Then there was a little silence, which Miss Forsythe broke by saying:
"Here comes your protege," as Flora Then there was a little silence, which

er name is?"

"Forsythe—Nellie Forsythe. But ood-day! I have an appointment That child worries the life out of me." "I say," called out Miss Flora, while yet a long way off, "you aren't a fool, are you?"

"Oh, 'cause," answered Miss Flora. Years ago he had felt sure that he "You see, I heard ma and Mrs. Insley understood one woman. He had even talking about you an' Miss Forsythe, gone so far as to tell her that if she an' Mrs. Insley said it was plain as the gone so far as to tell her that it she so willed it henceforth his life would be devoted equally to her and his profession. And she had smiled and looked so pleased that he had kissed looked looked so pleased that he had kissed looked looked looked looked looked looked

married a few weeks later to a dashing that I can't remember. But I knew, cent below our alleged article. you wasn't a fool." This hurt his susceptible and sensitive heart to think she had so deceived lovingly up in the red, red face of the used to speculate how long it would

anything for granted when you are dealing with a woman," and she laughed at his verdancy.

He had not met her for several years. He went to visit his friend colliston at his beautiful villa in the courage for he kissed her again.

To you care anything for me: I certainly do for you."

Then he found himself holding out his hand to her and she put her hand in his, and then he kissed her. He wondered at himself and his new-found could not see my fly after I had cast it so I did not expect anything by the courage for he kissed her again. suburbs. He had been there but a But the fact of his sudden bravery

few days when he walked out on the was enough to make him as courageous heard of, much less saw before. It piazza and, to his amazement, saw his as most lovers are, and he actually put former sweetheart walking around the his arm around Miss Forsythe and ters with mouth and eyes wide open,

> "Don't tell, will you, dear?" said Miss "No, not for anything," answered Flora, with a grin.

"It seems ungrateful to be unhappy," he thought, with a smothered and said: "You're a little angel, for He walked on aimlessly, blind, deaf thing I have wanted to know for a long to everything around him. Thoughts time."

you've helped me to find out something a sun came out, the fog rolled away in immense banks, and I found I had not been within a hundred vards of that you've helped me to find out some-

The sound of a horse rushing madly down the road and a low, startled cry roused him suddenly from the reverie fair to a group of delighted children. "Oh, but it was just jolly!" cried up and saw a young lady in great she. "He just got awful red an' kinder rolled his eyes up to her-this way; an' He darted forward and, seizing the she was redder 'n he was, an' pretended she seen something on the ground, anxious, uplifted face.

What a gentle woman's heart she had, this lovely girl with soft, brown eyes and beautiful golden hair—a quiet little creature with a charming, refined face.

he says, 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' an' stuck his hand right out to'rds her—so—an' she took hold of it an' then he kissed her, an' I knew he was scairt, but he kissed her again, an' then he kissed her ag then he stuck out both his arms—this way—an' hugged her, an' then he kissed me an 'called me an angel"— hold of it for about fifteen seconds." quired, respectfully.

"To Wayne villa," she replied, in a here "the angel" stopped to titter—"an' as near as I can make out he'd never Detroit Free Press man. "I found no one at the depot to meet have said nothin' if I hadn't helped

Arthur lifted her into the saddle and at each other and laughed.

"Nothing," said Arthur, recovering

Well, it was but a few weeks till course imagined that I was the smart-Miss Forsythe became Mrs. Lyle and est of smart Alecks." Mr. Clifton Wavne cannot comprehend

#### High Stools for Kitchens.

as are used by clerks who write at high desks. It allows a mistress or mouth. He grabbed it before I could maid to work as readily sitting as standing at various employments. and chewed he also pulled backward, you!" exclaimed Miss Clara, seizing without that wearisome gesture of and but for a keeper coming up he him by the hand. "I must introduce stretching up the arm to a level with you to Miss Forsythe." thought Ar- a table or ironing-board. Another bars and got at me with his claws. He advantage is that the feet rest upon bit the thumb and finger clean off, and the student. its rounds and thus remove the weight his fangs went right through from that morning), but he followed Clara of the body from them. This in itself back to palm. The keeper pounded is more comfortable and refreshing where a lady who had her back turned where a lady who had her back turned where a lady who had her back turned than women are accustomed to can be a save me, and it took about three to save me, and it took about three tooks abou sider, and the ease with which one years to get the hand in the shape you may turn about on a revolving seat is a wonderful convenience.

cried, as Arthur stood with eyes wide open, looking at Miss Forsythe. For open, looking at Miss Forsythe. For in Miss Forsythe he recognized the beautiful girl he had met so unexpectedly in the morning. However, he pectedly in the morning. However, he recognized the pectedly in the morning that it would "give as the most of the pectedly in the morning that it would "give as the pectedly in the morning that it would be a per pectedly in the morning that it would be a per pectedly in the morning that it would be a per pectedly in the morning that it would be a per pectedly in the morning that it would "give as the pected that it would be a per pected to the pected that it would be a per pected to the pected that it would be a per pected to the pected to the pected that the pected that it would be a per pected to the pected

Eastern Man (in booming western town)—What horrible, awful, disgust-skadd's dress-maker.

"Suppose I make the next gown of parrot-green velvet?" suggested Mrs. cottages where the spinning wheel is as much a piece of useful household. heart. But he didn't know how to tell her so if he made up his mind that he Mr. Porkpacker—Yessiree. Smells "Oh, that's too loud like business, doesn't it?-Puck.

On a Peruvian Cliff.

Explorers have found a great many mummies in caves in cliffs among the Peruvian mountains. How the Indians who entombed their dead in this way reached the caves hundreds of feet down the side of steep cliffs is a matter of conjecture. A French traveler. M. Weiner, narrates a visit to one of these sepulchres and the serious danger he was in of ending his travels then and there. "I went with two Indians," he writes, "to a point on a high pla-teau below which was one of the caves and had the Indians lower me over the precipice with leather ropes.

"A journey of 100 metres straight downward made in such a way is extraordinarily long. I arrived at last at the tomb. It was half closed with He had been a constant visitor at rocks. I went in and found two skulls and a mummy. I tied the skulls to my belt and taking the mummy in my arms gave the signal for the Indians

wasn't any need of saying anything just then; perhaps it would be better to were terribly frightened and let slin were terribly frightened and let slip the ropes.

"I cannot describe my feelings in the next second, the awful terror of beginning to fall. In my fright I let go of the mummy and it was dashed into a thousand pieces at the bettom

no suspicion of what I was bringing

go of the mummy and it was dashed into a thousand pieces at the bottom of the abyss. But the Indians had not lost their hold of the ropes; they drew me up again and in a moment I stood in safety at the top of the precipice.

"My superstitious Indians explained to me that when 'those good people,' the mummies, are disturbed by Indians they seize them in a fatal errobrace, and they assured me that as stranger to combat. brace, and they assured me that as this mummy's head rose into their

sight it opened its mouth and would

had it not just then been dashed to

have uttered a fearful curse upon them

the bottom of the abyss." EDDY CHANGED HIS LUCK. One Fisherman Who by Careful Effort Became a Good Llar.

Yes, Eddy was always a good story teller, and, for a truthful man, he had some pretty good stories to tell, says

"Half a dozen of us commuters, who lived in the same suburb, leased a pond at one time of an old farmer, stocked it with trout fry, spent a good deal of money trying to keep poachers out of it, fished it ourselves in rotation in the early mornings with indifferent | drink." success, and then amused ourselves on the train in and out of the city making each other jealous by the account of the catches we had made.

"All except Eddy—he never made any of us jealous, and we all knew in her and supposed that she would at seen as how you wanted to for a good and Eddy passed from the stage of viome time, not far distant, be his own. while, an' she said Miss Forsythe olent jealousy of all of us into moody But he had supposed too much, as he afterward found out when she was see it if you wasn't a fool, an' you must despair at his own luck, which persistently form and about seventy-five per "It amused us a good deal that Eddy

the trout took it in a way I never And not less than three hours in rebeat any of you fellows' catches all hollow. I kept pulling them in and pulling them in till I stopped out of sheer consideration for you.

"'This is downright murder!' I said won't clean out the entire pond and leave nothing for the other fellows! "So I filled my basket from the flopping pile I had collected on the bank, threw the remainder back into the pond and started for home. "Just then the wind sprang up, the

been within a hundred yards of that Then the little angel grinned harder | blamed old pond at all. "I swear to you, boys, I had been An hour later as the artist and Miss catching those fish right out of the

PINCHING A TIGER'S TAIL.

It Wasn't Nearly So Funny a Procedure "What's the matter with my hand?" epeated the man who was shorn of "Were you hunting tigers?" asked a

"No. I was simply making a fool of me, so I got a horse and thought I him, 'cause he's a man an' men are wyself. I was visiting the zoological would ride over, but my horse took 'fraid of women."

mave sand nothing in the repet myself. I was visiting the zoological gardens at Philadelphia about ten The artist and his companion looked asleep on the broad of his back, with his paws in the air. The end of his stood gazing after her with a queer Just then up came Mr. Wayne and long tail stuck out of the cage a bit, startled him by clapping him on the and I thought it would be a smart back, saying:

"Hello, old fellow! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"Hello, old fellow! why, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"Hello, old fellow! why, what in the world is the matter with you?" idea the smarter it appeared to me. I was only 20 years old then, and of

> "And you pinched, eh?" "I did. The guard rail was only two feet away from the cage, and after a good look around I reached over and nipped that tail with great heartiness. Something roared and something Every well-appointed kitchen should moved about five times as quick as a contain at least one office stool, such flash of lightning, and the first thing I see it. The doctors threatened to amputate it at the wrist time and again."

> "And you are satisfied?" The duke of Wellington once objected to a proposal to afford increased waiting to be pinched would be no pinching."

> > "Oh, that's too loud," was the lady's furniture as are the scrubbing brust

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# **ABSOLUTELY PURE**

JIM CARTTER'S IRON JAW.

How the Famous Nevada Fighter Cooled the Courage of an Affronted Youth.

"Big Jim" Cartter, the famous Nevada fighter, died the other day, and the San Francisco Chronicle recalls the fact that Mark Twain in "Roughing It" tells a story of his prowess. Twain's account well illustrates the quiet but deep determination of the man. One

stranger to combat. "If we must fight, we must, I suppose," said Cartter, slowly, as if undecided what to do. "I don't like the idea, though, for I don't believe the whole lot of you would have any chance with me. Let me show you something."

Quietly sitting down at the big table he took hold of it with his teeth, and bracing his knees against the lower part of the table, raised it and its con-tents, a big dinner for four, roast and all, and with his horse load stood

When he put the table to the floor without spilling a drop from the wellfilled glasses there was an opposite silence, which he broke by saying: "I have already apologized. My name is Cartter. Let's all take a

Nobody refused.

MAY'S DILEMMA.

Couldn't Keep Clean and Healthy in a Twenty-Four-Hour Day. "What's the matter, May?" said one

woman to another, who was sitting gloomily in a reading room with a magazine and a bit of paper before her.
"I've just discovered," replied May, looking up from the article on hygiene that she was reading, "that I can never be a clean person, much less a healthy

or a beautiful one." "What! What do you mean?" gasped him and he told her so the first time he saw her after her marriage.

He glanced at Miss Forsythe. She was blushing like the reddest rose of the station and Eddy's face was radiate the station and Eddy's face was radiate the station and Eddy's face was radiate for the station and Eddy's face was radiate for the station and Eddy's face was radiate for the station and Eddy's face was radiated for the station and Eddy's face May's friend.

> it, so I did not expect anything, but on and an hour and a half at dinner. creation is commanded. If you are a clear, crisp air, will not yearn for mathematician you will see that nine- warm browns, rich greens or glowing teen hours out of the twenty-four are thus consumed. Then facial massages and Turkish baths are recommended,

and these, with my sewing, would take up the few remaining hours. "And fate compels me to work nine hours a day for a living and to devote one hour to getting to and from my work. So that the days will have to be at least twenty-nine hours long before I can be even clean and healthy. Heaven only knows how much longer they would need to be if one aimed to

be beautiful and intelligent." An Alternative. Briggs-I hear you made a bet of \$50 with Tutter that you would kiss

Miss Penstock before she went to Europe. Have you succeeded yet, old face and said: Griggs-No, and there isn't much prospect of it, either. Briggs-Why, what's the matter?

How did you go about it?

success

Griggs-I went right to Miss Penstock and told her about the whole af-fair. How I heard she was going to sail for Europe, and some one made the remark that I would kiss her good bye, and then Tutter said he would bet \$50 I wouldn't, and that I took him up. I explained the whole thing to her, and told her I was a poor man. You see, old fellow, I worked on the girl's sympathies. Briggs-Well, didn't you have any

Griggs (gloomily)-No, except Briggs-How's that? Griggs—She says she will stay home from Europe.—Harper's Bazar.

Bestowing His Hospitality. A professor whose house was just be side a dormitory inhabited by a rather

fast set, was faequently annoyed by invasions of his yard by students rendered rather muddled through their recent libations to ivy-crowned Bacchus. One night, in particular, the saunterer remembers. He was at the time living just opposite the professor. In the middle of the night, awakened by a tremendous clatter, he arose and went to the window. There on the professor's steps was a much befuddled student, banging the knocker, kicking the door, and raising a row generally. And above was the nightcapped head of the professor, vainly trying to make himself heard above the din. Finally there came a lull.

"What do you want?" called the exasperated professor. "Want t' stay here all night," said "Well," said the professor, slamming down the window, "if it'll do you any good, stay there." - Boston Budget.

Spinning wheels are not altogether things of the past. Go down into Cornwall or Wales or up to the Scotch and the kitchen broom.

A Boy's First Battle. At Vimeira we turned out a full hour before daylight. The line was first formed, orders were given in a subdued voice; then the silence was

unbroken; the enemy was expected to

As day broke slowly we fancied we saw troops forming in the woods, but no shot was heard. no shot was heard. About 7:30 a shot was heard at the outposts, soon afterward another, then two or three in quick succession. I was stretched on the ground; near me stood the colonel and two or three of

the senior officers. "We shall have a day of it yet," the colonel said. Then came a volley from probably a whole picket to our left. The colonel

gave the word: "Stand to your arms!" He saw me and said kindly: "Fall in, Dundas."

I took my place in the rear of the company. Next to me was the sergeant who had drilled me.

"I am dismissed drill now," I said as we stood together. The shot came thick. I did all I could not to bob. It was delightful to see the pleasure some of the soldiers took in the fray. The officers did their duty well and the men had taken good aim, for we found the ground covered

with dead and dying.

The first body I stepped over was that of a fine grenadier and I emptied his haversack of some biscuits and munched them as I went along. I was very hungry—that must be my excuse —but I did not soon hear the last of "the dead man's biscuit" from my comrades. I got a shot or two at the

"Hurrah!" said my old sergeant, "a raw recruit may chance to shoot great Gen. Bonyparty"—the chorus of an old The battle was over. To us it was scarcely a battle and one-half the scarcely a battle and one-half the

army was not engaged .- Waverley

Between Two Fires. "It seems to me," said Uncle Silas Sassafras, as he read the rules and room at the Hyprise hotel, "that these hotel people just systematically try to

"What is it, father?" asked his wife.

"Why, one of these dinged rules says, 'Don't blow out the gas,' and another says, 'Gas burned all night will be charged extree.' Now what's a fel-low to do?"-Life.

A CITY OF ONE STREET.

New York Women Are Accused of Being Narrow as the Sidewalk. words by saying "that he had never asked her to marry him."

"Miss Forsythe," he began, and then he got frightened and paused.

"Miss Forsythe," he began, and then he got frightened and paused.

But he mustered courage and went on:

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Says the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. They might the Philadelphia Times. They might as well expect an Italian peasant girl to wear a Regent street tailor-made gown as to think that a southern girl, breathing in soft airs, having a warm, sunshiny atmosphere, will not love pinks, blues, soft frills and frivols, or

> New York is narrow. It is a city of one street, one restaurant, and, it thinks, one set. It claims that the best of everything comes to it, and yet Philadelphia, Baltimore, Rich-mond, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco each has more pretty women than this great city. What they call

that a western girl, inhaling a cold,

stylish women, what they call well-dressed women, are plentiful—so plentiful that one tires of them. I always feel about them as the small boy did at the dog-show. He went with me and I devoted a whole afternoon to pointing out to him just where extremely well-bred dogs showed their good points; to telling him the long pedigrees and the value, even to a dog, of a grandfather; and when it was all over he looked up in my

They are always so much cleverer That's the way the New York girls affect me. The mongrels are always so much cleverer; or, perhaps, if I said, so much more loving and so much more unselfish. Beauties who are advertised, who are written about, too often turn out to have cold, vapid faces and to look like the prize cow at a country fair-perfectly satisfied with themselves.

"Aunt, where are the mongrels?

That isn't beauty, because beauty is nothing without charm, and charm in a woman is femininity.

Tough on Tramps. A clever woman, residing in one of the suburbs of Boston, has hit upon an ingenious way of ridding herself of the annoyance of tramps. For a long time she had been overrun by these searchers after an eleventh hour job with twelve hours' pay. At first, from inherent kindliness, she was wont to serve them with hot coffee and a fairly good meal, but the tramps in-creased so in numbers that this mode soon became not only expensive but burdensome as a matter of labor alone. Added to this was also the loss of small articles, which some of these tramps, ungrateful for past or present favors, would purloin, without ever so much as "by your leave."

What to do to get rid of this gentry was a puzzle. The old saying that "man has a will, but woman has a way," found exemplification, however, in the present instance. What did she do? Well, the idea became lodged in her brain that, in order to drive and keep these tramps away, the premises must be made obnoxious to them. So she quietly put some cotton-oil in the coffee that she

dispensed to these gentleman of leisure every morning. She soon had the pleasure of seeing, day after day, fewer and fewer of her former tramp Whether, as the shrewd matron re-A hen owned by a Mr. Baldwin at marked to a neighbor, to whom she Marion, Ind., has, her owner states, confided her riddance remedy, the laid 248 eggs in as many consecutive tramps ever really discovered what

> Solieitous Friend-"If you are de termined in your intention to go upos the stage, I hope it is at least with : high aim." Mrs. De Voors-"Don't worry about that. I can kick three feet over my head and not half try."-

Buffalo Courier.